

THE ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XV

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1908

NO. 52

LOUIS PLATT COMMITTS SUICIDE WITH A BIG PISTOL

**Shoots Himself in Head and Stomach--
Taken to German Hospital, San
Francisco, Where He Died**

Louis Platt, a well-known resident of this city, fatally shot himself on Tuesday afternoon with suicidal intent.

The shooting took place in Platt's bedroom in the second story of the Majestic Building, on Grand Avenue, where he was employed.

The weapon used was an old army Colts revolver of 45 caliber.

Platt shot himself three times—twice in the head and once in the stomach.

Only one of the bullets shot at Platt's head took effect. It lodged in the larynx. The other glanced off from the skull and did no material injury.

The bullet that caused Platt's death was fired into his stomach.

About 4:30 Tuesday afternoon J. R. Luttrell, by whom Platt was employed, went to his (Platt's) room to awaken him to do some work. He shook him, supposing he was asleep. After endeavoring for some time to rouse Platt, Mr. Luttrell discovered blood on the bed clothing. He searched and found the pistol with two cartridges in it.

Dr. H. G. Plymire was immediately summoned, who gave Platt emergency

treatment. Platt was later taken to the German Hospital in San Francisco, where he died Wednesday afternoon.

The San Francisco coroner's office was notified and the body was removed pending an inquest by Dr. T. B. W. Leland.

The funeral and burial of Platt took place today at Mt. Olivet Cemetery.

Louis Platt was a native of Germany, about 50 years of age. When he was a young man he emigrated to the Hawaiian Islands. After spending four or five years there he came to California and went to the mines to work.

While in the mines one of his arms was accidentally crushed, which necessitated its amputation. In 1895 Platt came to South San Francisco and received employment from George Kneese, father of Henry and George Kneese, and worked for him up to about three years ago when the business was sold to J. R. Luttrell, for whom Platt worked since. Platt was a jovial, pleasant man, and it was never noticed that he was despondent. He said many times that on account of his having but one arm he would be better off dead, but no one paid any attention to his remarks.

MEMBER OF NAVAL VETERANS HONORED

At the annual meeting of Phelps Squadron, No. 12, United States Veteran Navy, Tuesday evening, December 8th, in San Francisco, the retiring captain, Charles J. Dutreux, was presented with a beautiful cutglass set by the

shipmates of the squadron, after which the annual election of officers was held and the following were elected: Captain, John B. Sievers (a well-known resident of San Bruno); commander, Charles Kraut; lieutenant commander, George Dueland; lieutenant, Edward Stanton; ensign, Richard Walsh, paymaster, John H. Fitzgerald; secretary, Charles J. Dutreux; surgeon, Joseph G. Crawford; engineer, Robert Kilgore; chaplain, Frank Johnson.

Bank of South San Francisco

For the term of Six Months, ending December 31st, this Bank will pay interest on Saving Deposits at the rate of 4% per annum.

January 1, 1909, is the time to resolve to start an account with us.

DO IT NOW!

**We wish all our friends a Happy
New Year**

C. F. HAMSHER, Cashier

LOCAL HAPPENINGS TOLD IN BRIEF

Residents of South San Francisco are asked to furnish this office with any news items that they know of from time to time. There is a letter box attached to our front door, in which written items can be placed. Please write on one side of paper and sign your name to it. THE ENTERPRISE desires to print all the local happenings, and the people of South San Francisco can be of material help.

After January first postage on letters to Germany will be two cents instead of five.

The residents of this city are urgently requested to open up gutters in front of their premises in order that rain waters can drain off from the streets properly.

A large garbage can has been placed in front of the Postoffice by the Women's Improvement Club. It is painted white and the words "Women's Improvement Club" are painted on its sides. All persons, when obtaining their mail at the Postoffice, are requested to place all waste envelopes and magazine and newspaper wrappers in this can. The Women's Club is a strictly live organization.

A. F. Schmidt, city official garbage collector, states that with few exceptions residents of this city are responding cheerfully in employing him to carry away garbage. Some have refused and say they will bury garbage on their premises. In this connection, Health Officer Plymire stated to a representative of THE ENTERPRISE that burying of garbage would not be permitted under any consideration.

It has to be removed from the premises either by the householder or the official garbage collector. It is also necessary that metal receptacles be obtained in which to place all garbage.

TODOR KIPROFF GETS FREEDOM

The second trial of Todor Kiproff, charged with murdering Spiro Giorgi in this city on May 11th last, came up before Superior Judge Geo. H. Buck at Redwood City last Thursday morning. At a former trial of the same case the jury disagreed. On motion of James T. O'Keefe, and agreed to by District Attorney Bullock, the case was dismissed and Kiproff was given his freedom. He visited this city last Thursday evening and then departed for some other locality.

Kiproff was acquitted on the charge of killing Peter Giorgi, who was shot by him at the same time Spiro Giorgi was.

It is unusual for a person to fail of a conviction after killing two people at the same time. The case was given considerable attention by Jas. T. O'Keefe, attorney for the defendant.

FORMER CONGRESSMAN EUGENE F. LOUD DEAD

Former Congressman Eugene F. Loud died Saturday night at the home of his son-in-law, Captain J. J. Callundan in San Francisco. Mr. Loud failed to survive the shock caused by the death of his wife and daughter, which occurred during the past six months. He was elected to Congress in 1890 from the Fifth Congressional District, which includes San Mateo County, was re-elected for six successive terms and served longer than any other member elected from California.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CITY BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Appointment of Willard Acheson as Deputy Marshal Confirmed--To Ask for Insurance Rate Reduction

The Board of City Trustees met last Monday evening as usual in regular session.

A communication was received from Henry Ward Brown suggesting an amendment to Section 23 in the liquor ordinance. The amendment was read by the clerk and will be up for adoption at the next meeting.

Superintendent of Streets Kneese reported that the repairs to the main sewer on Grand Avenue were nearly completed.

The matter of opening up Miller Avenue was referred to the Street Committee for action.

The matter of the amount of this year's road tax that is due this city came up, and after considerable discussion by the Trustees and citizens present, the Board decided to instruct Attorney H. W. Brown to make a demand upon the county for the money due this city and if necessary to take legal steps to get a refund of the road tax money.

The clerk was instructed to send a communication to the Women's Improvement Club asking that organization to do some temporary improvement work on Grand Avenue if it had sufficient funds on hand.

Before the Board adjourned, Adolph Jacobs gave notice that he would, at the next meeting, ask for a franchise to place gas mains through the main streets of this city, in order to furnish residents gas for light and fuel.

In 1886 he was elected to the State legislature with the largest majority ever received by any candidate in the Forty-third Assembly District, which he represented.

One hundred dollars will be given away by The Enterprise for 100 new subscribers. See ad. on page 6.

Hand-made umbrella shawls make useful Christmas gifts. \$1 to \$3. W. C. Schneider.

**Drayage
AND
Expressage**

Kauffmann Bros.

Light and Heavy Hauling promptly attended to. Baggage and Freight transferred to and from Railroads, Hotels, Residences, Etc., at reasonable rates

CONNECTIONS WITH ALL TRAINS

**Wood and Coal
Hay and Grain**

Office: - With Wells, Fargo & Co.
Phone. Main 224 Grand Ave.

FOR SALE.—Lot of furniture at 413 Linden Avenue.

See the great offer of gold coin The Enterprise is making for new subscribers on page 6.

Black and white silk mufflers and reefers, 50 cents to \$3.

W. C. Schneider. *

South San Francisco**Railroad Time Table****BAY SHORE CUTOFF.**

NORTHBOUND TRAINS LEAVE

6:13 A. M.
7:23 A. M.
7:43 A. M.
(Except Sunday)
8:03 A. M.
8:43 A. M.
(Except Sunday)
9:23 A. M.
10:08 A. M.
12:53 P. M.
3:01 P. M.
(Except Sunday)
5:23 P. M.
7:03 P. M.
7:18 P. M.

SOUTHBOUND TRAINS LEAVES

6:57 A. M.
8:37 A. M.
10:57 A. M.
11:57 A. M.
2:18 P. M.
3:37 P. M.
4:37 P. M.
5:57 P. M.
6:47 P. M.
12:02 P. M.
(Theatre Train)

SHUTTLE SERVICE

From San Francisco via Valencia Street and to San Francisco via Bay Shore Cutoff.

6:30 a. m.
(Except Sunday)
10:15 A. M.
(Sunday only)
11:50 A. M.
(Sunday only)
12:40 P. M.
(Except Sunday)
4:20 p. m.
6:20 p. m.
7:19 p. m.
(except Sunday)

From San Francisco via Bay Shore Cutoff and to San Francisco via Valencia Street.

5:50 a. m.
(except Sunday)
9:50 A. M.
(Sunday only)
10:20 A. M.
(Except Sunday)
11:35 A. M.
(Sunday only)
2:30 P. M.
5:25 p. m.
(except Sunday)
6:25 p. m.

POST OFFICE.

Post Office open from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M. Sundays, 8 A. M. to 9 A. M. Money order office open from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M.

Mails leave Post Office thirty minutes before trains.

*** NORTHBOUND DISPATCH.**

11:30 A. M.
2:30 P. M.
6:00 P. M.

† SOUTHBOUND DISPATCH.

6:30 A. M.
11:00 A. M.
3:00 P. M.

* Mails from south arrive.

† Mails from north arrive.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

County Officials

Judge Superior Court G. H. Buck
Treasurer P. P. Chamberlain
Tax Collector C. L. McCracken
District Attorney J. J. Bullock
Assessor C. D. Hayward
County Clerk Joseph H. Nash
County Recorder John F. Johnston
Sheriff Robert Chatham
Auditor Henry Underhill
Superintendent of Schools Roy Cloud
Coroner and Public Adm. Dr. H. G. Plymire
Surveyor James B. Neuman
Health Officer D. B. Plymire, M. D.

Officials—First Township

Supervisor Julius Elkerenkotter
Justice of the Peace A. McSweeney
Constable Bob Carroll
Postmaster E. E. Cunningham
School Trustees Tom Mason, Duray Smith

St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church
(Cor. Grand and Maple Aves., one block from Post Office.)

Regular Sunday services—Sermon at 7:30 p. m. Sunday School classes for all ages at 10:45 a. m. Epworth League of C. E. at 6:30 p. m.

Prayer service Thursday at 7:45 p. m. The public is made cordially welcome at all our services.

"A home-like church."

EDWIN D. KIZER, Pastor.

BILLY AND "E 112."

By COLIN S. COLLINS.

Copyrighted, 1908, by the Associated Literary Press.

To Billy Baxter every moment he spent in the theater was to his liking, but the best of all was when the band filed in and the house lights went up. Then the music and the rush of arrivals made a delightful stir.

These were busy moments for the ushers, because in the ten minutes preceding the rise of the curtain half the house had to be seated, and it was hard for Billy to bear in mind the managerial caution that the right hand aisle was not a cinder track laid for his amusement.

It is hard to walk when the music plays a lively air, and there were times when Billy would sprint up the aisle as though bent upon breaking all records for the hundred yards.

These ten minutes twice a day repaid the boy for the rest of the work, and it was work for all who were employed about the Century theater.

Calkins, the manager, had spent his days devising a system that was al-



most perfect in its schedules. Everybody cleaned house in the morning, with just time for a hurried lunch before squeezing into the uniforms for the matinee, and as soon as the rush was over all but two of the boys were taken off to perform other duties.

Those who remained were water boys, parading the aisles with trays of glasses, which they offered to the patrons. Now and then a penny or even a nickel or a dime fell to the water carrier, but Billy was content if the ladies smiled their thanks.

All this was before "E 112" came.

After that there was but one woman in the world for Willam, just as there is but one woman for each of us at some stage of boyhood.

"E 112" was worthy of his worship. Even the box office boy had confided to Calkins, the manager, that it was "a dead swell dame who took up the seat for Tuesday mats," and the manager had condescended to approve the statement, though Calkins' own preference was for blonds. "E 112" had dark hair of the soft, wavy kind that makes a fellow long to stroke softly, admiringly.

But Billy remembered nothing but her eyes after he had received one direct glance. He could look into those liquid depths clear down into the untroubled soul beyond.

Every Tuesday afternoon the girl occupied the same seat. The Century reserved seats for its regular patrons by the season, and once when the head usher sought to shift Billy to the balcony, where there was a better chance of making tips, Billy promptly forgot the fact that it was supposed to be a favor and pummeled his benefactor until the latter promised to put him back on his old aisle.

To such an extent had Billy become enslaved that he even rejoiced in the water job. He would work the front rows very slowly, waiting with patience for each patron to finish with a glass, and when "E 112" asked for a drink he would stand in rapt admiration, ignoring the request of others for glasses from the tray until she had returned hers and there was no longer any excuse for standing at her side.

Long before the middle of the season Eleanor Golden, otherwise "E 112," had come to know the earnest,

treckled little face, and the day that she passed him in the street and gave him a nod and a bright smile was a golden one in the Baxter calendar.

Then came the day which even now Calkins hates to recall because of its one moment of nightmare. There was an act at the house that opened with the supposed explosion of an automobile off the stage, the comedian entering with tire and part of the rim of a wheel hung about his neck.

The effect was obtained in the time honored fashion of firing into the air a shotgun loaded with salt instead of shot. The salt scattered harmlessly, and yet the report was louder than when powder alone was used.

On this day a tiny bit of the wadding was carried into the air and fluttered against one of the huge drops hanging above the stage.

There were four of these hung close together, and no one noticed the spiral of flame run up between this drop and the next. The scenery was fireproofed, but the rough surface of the canvas was coated with dust, and the dust carried the flame.

A watchful fireman discovered the smoke and turned in an alarm, while he gave the signal to the stage manager to lower the fire curtain.

As the great asbestos shield descended one of the actors stepped before the curtain line and made an announcement that an accident had occurred.

"There is positively no danger," he assured, "but merely as a precaution you are asked to leave the house as quickly as possible."

The band was still playing and the people in the rear of the house were moving toward the entrance when the stage hands in the flies cut the ropes and permitted the scenery to fall to the stage, where the fire could be fought with greater ease.

Until then there had been an orderly movement. At the speaker's suggestion the people in front were waiting until those in the rear seats had gone that there might be no crowding. Billy, watching over "E 112," had his sharp eyes on the people in his section, and as the heavy battens from which the scenery was hung came crashing to the stage one man sprang to his feet.

He was sitting in the fourth row, and in a flash Billy realized that should this man break the order of deporture there would be a crush in which many would be hurt.

Billy still carried his now useless tray, and quick as a flash he pretended to stumble and fall against the panic stricken man. In falling he thrust the fellow back into his seat, and the ice cold water drenched the man's face and neck and trickled down inside of his clothing.

Those near by laughed, and the crowd, which had been upon the verge of a panic, cooled down. The panic was averted.

But Billy had slipped on one of the thick tumblers rolling under his feet. In an instant he was on the floor of the aisle on top of the clutter of broken glass, and his face and arms were badly cut before the girl in "E 112" could spring to his relief.

Strong arms bore the boy to the head of the aisle, where already the doorkeepers were turning back the crowd with the assurance that the fire was all over. And almost before he realized it Billy was lying on the sofa in the retiring room, and "E 112" was bathing the cut hands and face with soft cloths, while Calkins stood helplessly by.

"Gee," said Billy ruefully, "I bet I have to pay for a new uniform. This looks like I been working in a butcher shop."

"Nonsense," broke in Calkins, who could be human at times, though it was seldom that he exhibited this trait. "You saved the day, Billy, and you can have a new uniform every week if you want one. This lady tells me that in drenching that fool you stopped a panic."

"Well, he had it coming to him," said Billy. "He was a husky guy in D 112, and he had the willies, he was so scared. I says to myself that if he got 'em runnin' 'E 112' would have the chance of a snowball in—well, you know where. So I plugged him wit' the glasses, and then he was good for awhile. I wouldn't let them walk all over you," he added to the girl.

The glorious eyes grew more tender as she realized what the boy was saying. Men had sought to do great things to show their love for their ladyloves, but this boy of twelve was as brave and as fearless as any knight who ever wore his lady's favor in his helmet.

His thought had been solely for her, yet he had probably saved scores from death or injury, and it was she who was responsible for the deed. Slowly she bent her beautiful head and pressed her lips against his own.

"It was very brave of you, dear," she said in a whisper. "I am very proud to think that it was for me you did so fine a deed."

Billy blushed; then he looked with adoring eyes into the brown ones that were searching his face.

"I'd burn down the theater every

Tuesday when you come—for that," he declared as he lapsed into unconsciousness, and it was Miss Golden's turn to blush. Could he but know it Billy had for the moment become more than a boy. He was a man and the knight of "E 112."

SAVED FROM THE GRAVE.**How a Dream Rescued Woman From a Terrible Death.**

Mr. Jones was a popular young business man in the city of B. His wife was a woman of strong emotion and most delicate perceptions. Between them there existed a rare sympathy which extended to all the faculties.

Mrs. Jones fell ill, and after a few weeks' agony, during which her husband waited on her with a constancy not often seen, she died—that is, she appeared to be dead. There was no question about it in the doctors' mind. A certificate was issued and an undertaker called in. But for the fortunate circumstance that Mr. Jones was opposed to embalming there would be no story to tell unless it were of another person apparently dead who was revived for a moment under the lunge of the embalmer's knife.

Saved from that fate, Mrs. Jones was laid out in her burial robe, placed in a coffin and on the third day was buried in a cemetery some distance away.

Her husband was greatly affected, so much that his relatives feared an attack of melancholia. His uncle, wishing to arouse his spirits and divert his attention, remained in the house the night after the funeral and was a valuable witness, as it proved, of an event so astounding as to be almost beyond belief.

For an hour or two that evening they talked chieflly about the dead and then went to bed. Mr. Jones, after tossing upon his pillow for a long time, fell into a troubled sleep. In the middle of the night he heard a voice calling his name, "George, George!" The tones were not familiar to him; they did not recall the voice of his wife.

Still conceiving himself the victim of a dream, he again went to sleep. It was daybreak before the voice was heard again, and this time it could not be ignored. He recognized it at last as the voice of his wife in sore distress calling upon him. She cried: "George! Save me! Save me, George!"

He sprang out of bed, trembling all over. That despairing cry still rang in his ears. So real was it that, although he was awake and remembered perfectly the death, the funeral and all that happened in the preceding four days, he searched the room for her who had thrice called him by name.

Finding that he was alone, he rushed into his uncle's room crying: "Get up! Get up! We must go to the cemetery! She is alive! She is calling me!"

The uncle, skeptical as he was by nature, was carried away by Jones' impetuosity. Both men threw on some clothing, and, while one harnessed a horse to a light buggy, the other procured spades. Thus equipped, they drove to the cemetery at a gallop. The sun rose as they leaped out at the grave and began to dig.

Mrs. Jones had been buried the previous afternoon. Her husband shoveled away the earth in a frenzy of energy. It was firmly fixed in his mind that she had been buried alive and that he might yet be in time to save her. Inspired by his nephew's excitement, the uncle dug with a vigor almost as great as Jones'.

Begrimed and disheveled, they at last reached the coffin and wrenched off the lid. Jones shrieked. His wife was moving. She was trying feebly to turn over in her narrow bed. She gazed at him with eyes that saw not. She was unconscious of her situation.

He passed his arms about her and lifted her out. The two men removed her from the grave, placed her in the buggy and drove home. Physicians were called in. Under close medical care she slowly recovered. Every precaution was taken to guard her from the knowledge of what had happened, and all who were in the secret pledged themselves to silence lest the shock of that revelation of her burial and resurrection might prove fatal to her, but the story leaked out later, when Mrs. Jones got about again.—Baltimore Sun.

The glorious eyes grew more tender as she realized what the boy was saying. Men had sought to do great things to show their love for their ladyloves, but this boy of twelve was as brave and as fearless as any knight who ever wore his lady's favor in his helmet.

His thought had been solely for her, yet he had probably saved scores from death or injury, and it was she who was responsible for the deed. Slowly she bent her beautiful head and pressed her lips against his own.

She—So your friend Singleton has voluntarily joined the ranks of the benedict, has he? He—Not exactly; he was drafted. A widow married him.—Chicago News.

Domestic Politics.

"Whom did you support during the last campaign?"

"A wife, two children and a mother-in-law and kept up my life insurance at the same time."—Puck.

THE CALIFORNIA PROMOTION COMMITTEE

(The State Central Organization, organized 1902.)

"PROMOTION—The act of promoting; advancement; encouragement."—Century Dictionary.

The Committee has for its object the PROMOTING of California's interests.

It has nothing to sell.

It fosters all things tending to the ADVANCEMENT of California.

It is authority on matters relating to California.

It ENCOURAGES the establishment of new industries and fosters those already established.

It invites desirable immigration.

It presents the opportunities and needs of all fields of business and professional activity.

It is supported by popular subscription and makes no charge for any service rendered.

It has affiliated with it two hundred commercial organizations of the State, with a combined membership of more than thirty thousand.

Meetings of representatives of these organizations are held semi-annually in different parts of the State, where matters of California's interest are discussed.

Headquarters of the Committee are maintained in California Building, Union Square, San Francisco.

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the County of San Mateo, State of California.

MINA LOOMIS, Plaintiff, vs. HARRY H. LOOMIS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of San Mateo, State of California, and the complaint filed in said County of San Mateo in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

James B. Feehan, Attorney at Law, 407 Mills Building, San Francisco, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The people of the State of California send Greeting to Harry H. Loomis, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the County of San Mateo, State of California, and answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within thirty days.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to so appear and answer, the plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint. Witness my hand and the Seal of said Superior Court of the County of San Mateo, State of California, this 4th of December, A. D. 1907.

South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co.

FOUNDERS OF THE CITY OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

THE SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND AND IMPROVEMENT COMPANY designed in its original plan to make of South San Francisco a great manufacturing center. With that object in view, it originally purchased 3500 acres of land in San Mateo County, on the bay front, five miles south of the City of San Francisco. Since the original purchase, the company has added greatly to its holdings by the purchase of large tracts of adjoining lands, giving to it a perfect environment for the complete development of a great manufacturing city.

The faith which this Company had in its enterprise has been manifest to everyone by the large expenditure it has made in the development of this property. Every foundation which goes to make a perfect condition for manufacture has been already solidly installed, and

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

is a rapidly growing city; it is a railroad terminal; it is on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and accessible to all railroads; has deep water communication; owns and operates for its industries a railroad connecting with the Southern Pacific and the water front; has electric street car service from factory to Town, and direct to San Francisco; has an Electric Light and Power Company; owns an independent Water Works, and has an abundance of fresh water for factory and house; has wharves and docks; a perfect sewerage system; a Bank and a Town Hall; and a population of over 3000 people; an extensive and fine residence district, where everyone may secure lands at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

FACTORY SITES

can be obtained from the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company on most reasonable terms.

The completion of the Bay Shore Tunnels has placed South San Francisco on the main lines of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and forty passenger trains per day connect it with the outside world.

With the completion of the Dumbarton Bridge and Cutoff, now rapidly being constructed, South San Francisco will have all railroads which center in San Francisco passing through its midst.

Many industries are already established here, chief of which are the Western Meat Company, the Wool Pullery, the Soap Works, the Baden Brick Company, Pacific Jupiter Steel Company, the Steiger Pottery Works, the W. P. Fuller White Lead Works, the South San Francisco Lumber and Supply Company, and other enterprises, all of which are in full operation to-day. The American Smelting and Refining Company has purchased over 300 acres of land in South San Francisco for the purpose of erecting a great plant, which they estimate will cost upwards of \$5,000,000. The Doak Sheet Steel Company has purchased a large tract of land and has already commenced the construction of a large rolling mill. Other factories have recently made purchases, and South San Francisco is plainly destined to fulfil all that its promoters had hoped.

For Manufacturing Purposes, South San Francisco Has No Equal on San Francisco Bay

PARTIES DESIRING LOCATIONS SHOULD APPLY TO

W. J. MARTIN, Land Agent, South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co.
South San Francisco, San Mateo County, California.

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY

BEEF AND PORK PACKERS

SLAUGHTERERS OF
CATTLE
HOGS
SHEEP,
and
CALVES

HAMS, BACON,
LARD AND
CANNED MEATS

PACKERS OF THE
MONARCH
and
GOLDEN GATE
BRANDS

PACKING HOUSE AND STOCK YARDS LOCATED AT

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

San Mateo County,

California

THE ENTERPRISE

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One Year, in advance \$2 00
Six Months " 1 00
Three Months " 50

Advertising rates furnished on application.

Office on Linden Avenue near Bank.

SATURDAY—DECEMBER 26, 1908

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all.

CONGRESS is all at once exceedingly courageous; both houses are in bold battle array, ready for a row with Roosevelt. It's dollars to doughnuts the war will be bloodless and that the ammunition employed will be buncumb instead of bullets.

THE people voted the direct primary amendment to the State Constitution by a majority of 100,000 and they demand of the legislature about to assemble at Sacramento a strong effective law to carry the amendment into effect.

The issue is vital and the people are in earnest.

The bill recently drafted by the direct primary league gives very general satisfaction. It is the work of a body of men well informed upon all the details of direct primary legislation in other States, who are also advocates of the principle involved in the measure.

The very best thing the legislature can do is to pass the bill as it comes from the hands of these friends of the amendment.

THE greatest obstacle to reform of government is that so many so called reformers are only dangerous demagogues, who are "stealing the livery of heaven to serve the devil in," who pose as reformers to play to the galleries, and by such fraud float into public place only to betray the trust reposed in them by a too credulous and confiding constituency.

The honest workingmen of this newly organized municipality will do well to keep a weather eye open for this particular brand of political fakir.

AT the regular Monday evening meeting of the Board of City Trustees Mr. Adolph Jacobs, of the Jacobs Co., gave formal notice of his intention to apply to the Board for a franchise for a power, light and gas company in this city. The notice came as an agreeable surprise to the city fathers as well as to our citizens.

The introduction of gas will add another facility for light, and once introduced it would come into very general use in the kitchens of householders as a clean, economical fuel for cooking.

Mr. Jacobs will find that his proposition will meet with a favorable reception.

THE real controversy between Congress and President Roosevelt regarding the secret service matter has been befogged by the politicians and their mouthpieces of the daily press.

The plain fact is that Congress

acted surreptitiously in enacting legislation to prevent the use of secret service agents in bringing criminals to the bar of justice.

Not daring to proceed openly through a bill to amend the law regulating the employment of secret service agents, the amendment was sneaked through both houses, at the end of the session, through an amendment tacked on to one of the appropriation bills.

This is a favorite device with Congressmen who have some petty scheme which will not bear discussion nor the light of publicity.

It was the device adopted to prevent the paid officials of the United States secret service being used in the detection and punishment of crime against the government. In his righteous indignation over the defeat of justice by such means the President placed the blame where it belongs and Congress is seeking escape from an embarrassing predicament by an attack on the President.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"Buy or boost" is the slogan of prosperity, and no man is so poor that he cannot do one of them.

It is wonderful to think that surgical science is making it possible for a man with an unsatisfactory liver to trade it off for a better one.

Why is it that American men do not wed foreign noblewomen? Why, because there is only one answer—they know the value of the home product.

A young man in St. Louis has been fined \$1000 for flirting. It might have cost him more if the little affair had wound up in marriage.

When women cease to be afraid of mice and become immune to the subtle bribery of flattery, then they will be able to make a better plea for the ballot.

The Illinois man who captured a bride on an election bet will have a long time to figure out whether he really won or lost.

That Massachusetts man, the father of 50 children, who deserted his family upon the appearance of twins, must have been figuring up his Christmas liabilities.

While attempting to "scare" his youthful fiancee, an Alabama youth killed himself with a pistol he was comically flourishing at the moment. It was a narrow escape for the girl, in several respects, it appears.

Ex-Senator E. W. Carmack paid the death penalty for opposing a bosses' ring in Tennessee. The assassin should not be allowed to escape with the plea that the killing was "an affair of honor."

A FREE 96-PAGE DIARY FOR OUR READERS

We take pleasure in announcing that any of our readers can secure a fine 96-page diary for 1909 by sending two cents postage to D. Swift & Co., patent lawyers, Washington, D. C. This diary is worth 25 cents, and contains twenty pages of valuable information, such as the crop production of 1908 by States; brief but valuable points of every-day law and patent laws; business forms and population of all cities and States, etc.; and 75 blank pages.

A Perfect Chicken Pie.

Cut into pieces one chicken. Boil in enough water until tender, adding, when half done, one teaspoonful of salt. Take out the chicken, keep warm and thicken the liquid with one tablespoonful each of flour and butter rubbed together, add salt and pepper to taste and boil five minutes. Take one quart of flour, two teaspoonsfuls of baking powder, a little salt and one cup of butter and mix as for biscuit. Take half, roll a fourth of an inch and line a dish, leaving an inch over the sides to turn over the upper crust. Put in the chicken, pour over gravy, cover with the upper crust, with a large hole in the center for steam to escape, wet the edge and fold over the upper crust and press firmly together. Spread soft butter over the top and bake about two hours in a moderate oven.—Boston Post.

Who would write clearly must think clearly, and if he would write in a noble style he must first possess a noble soul.—Goethe.

CORNERSTONE LAID FOR SAN BRUNO CATHOLIC CHURCH

With solemn ceremony and manifest evidences of rejoicing, the Catholic congregation of San Bruno marked an epoch in its existence last Sunday, when the corner-stone of the new Church of St. Bruno was formally laid. Large delegations from all the Catholic churches in San Mateo county were present, and there was also a representation from San Francisco, including a number of members of the Knights of Columbus.

Father Brockhage of Menlo Park Seminary officiated at the laying of the stone, spreading with a silver trowel the first layer of cement which will hold the granite block in position, and placing within it a copper box, containing parchment, records of the history of the church, the names of contributors toward the edifice, the names of the building committee, and clippings from different newspapers announcing the date of the corner-stone laying.

Fathers Ayrinhace, superior of the Menlo Park Seminary, and Grant, pastor of the San Bruno congregation, assisted in the ceremony, James T. O'Keefe, an attorney of Redwood City, made the address of the day, and Father Harrington of Menlo Park preached the sermon. Other members of the clergy present were: Fathers McKinnon and Harvey. In the mass, which followed the corner-stone laying, Father Brockhage was celebrant, Father Ayrinhace, deacon, and Father Grant, sub-deacon.

Music for the occasion was furnished by the San Bruno Brass Band, and the choir of St. Catherine's Church, Burlingame. The Knights of Columbus of San Bruno were present in a body, as was the Young Men's Institute of San Mateo.

Ground was broken for the new church on Friday, November 13th, and the edifice is expected to be ready for dedication by April 1st. It will cost, approximately, \$7000, and will be built in the Mission style of architecture, after plans prepared by Carter & Foley of San Francisco. The church will have a seating capacity of 500. The congregation, which numbers about 300, is only a little more than one year old, and since its organization has been holding services temporarily in Cody's Hall. Like the town of San Bruno, the church takes its name from the sainted monk, Father Bruno, who was one of the original band of Franciscan friars who, with Father Juniper Serra, first adventured into the country which has since become California, carrying the Christian religion to the savages in the wilderness.

A barbecue was held after the ceremony, luncheon being served to all guests.

Laying a Ghost.

This "ghost" story was among those omitted from Mr. Stead's famous collection: There was an ordinary cupboard door that always mysteriously creaked open at five minutes before midnight unless it was kept locked, and when it was kept locked it groaned and rattled instead precisely at the same hour.

Then came along a spook expert, who discovered that at five minutes before midnight the fast express train passed along the highroad a mile away from the house and set in motion some vibratory wave that acted upon the cupboard and scared a whole household.

Happy School Days.

Tommy was about to leave the school where he had spent his first years. He went to the teacher to say goodby and added: "I am awfully sorry to leave this school. I had such good times at recess."—Lippincott's.

Encouraging.

The Suitor—Johnny, your parlor clock is an hour fast. The Kid Brother—I know it, but don't tell sister so. The Suitor—Why not? The Kid Brother—Because she thinks you don't know it.—Cleveland Leader.

"One swallow does not make a summer," it is true, but a banana skin will often make one fall.—Pathfinder.

Genius.

"Is genius really the capacity for taking pains?"
"No," answered the poet. "Genius is the capacity for going without eating."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

ADVERTISING AS A COMMODITY

The Idea That Advertising Is an Expense Has Given Way to a More Intelligent Understanding of Business.

High Official of Harriman Lines Tells Fruit Men That Judicious Advertising Will Create New Markets for Their Products.

Advertising is a matter of deep personal concern to the fruit grower and especially to the 5000 men who are directly interested in the orange and lemon industry of California, according to Mr. E. O. McCormick of the Harriman lines. This industry has added \$16,000,000 to the national wealth during the past year, and Mr. McCormick, in an address, told the members of the California Fruit Growers' Exchange at their convention in Kansas City, in October, how they can increase the use of their product and make it even more important in the markets of the United States. In this connection Mr. McCormick, in substance, said:

"Recently, I was attracted by a moving picture show advertising a trip to the Yellowstone, and I went in. The place was built to represent the interior of a passenger coach, and had advertisements around the sides near the roof. One of them read as follows: 'Visit Chicago's most beautiful cemetery. Stroll through Mt. Hope's shady paths. A last resting place, forever protected from city growth.' I made a note of it for this meeting, because it is a very pertinent illustration of the business methods of today. In earlier times, within the memory of nearly every person present, cemeteries played a waiting game. They knew it was only a matter of time till they would get us. We had to come to them (that is, the family did). Like the neighborhood store, the nearby market, the shoemaker friend, it wasn't a question of location of lot; price governed very largely the selection. Today the good live cemetery hunts us up while we are alive. This one, to be sure, simply suggests that we look it over, 'Stroll through its shady paths, etc.,' but as you know, the object is to sell us a lot.

"Not long since I had on my desk a full-page advertisement taken from a Philadelphia newspaper announcing special trains and reduced rates for an excursion to a cemetery, the purpose as therein announced, to afford the people a cheap and convenient opportunity to see for themselves the beauty and other advantages of that particular burial ground. As the advertisement was repeated, it is not unreasonable to suppose the owners of the ground found the venture profitable.

"One more: In one of the large cities of the East, bread is liberally advertised by several makers who have become rich; not because the bread they turn out is much, if any, better, although the people must think it is as good as the advertisements say it is.

"Now, if I can aid in dispelling doubts which may be entertained by any of the members of this association as to the efficiency of advertising for promoting its business—enlarging it where it is already established, extending it into new regions—I will be doing about the greatest service it is in my power to render you. To start with, you must recognize advertising as a commodity. It is imperatively necessary that you get this truth fixed firmly in your minds before you can hope to give it that broad consideration which its importance demands. Get away at once and forever from the idea that it is an expense. It is not an expense; it is a commodity; just as necessary a commodity in the selling of oranges, as business is conducted today, as are the oranges themselves.

I do not mean by this assertion that you cannot go on selling oranges forever without advertising; but if I understand aright, one of the purposes of this convention is to see if means can be devised which will increase the consumption of oranges and thereby increase the sales of the product.

"Again quoting: 'There is no element of the black art about advertising. In its highest and best form it is plain talk, sane talk—selling talk. Its results are in proportion to the merit of the subject advertised, and

What Changed the Old Town's Name?



Mr. Brown of SLEEPYTOWN,

He wouldn't advertise;

So along came Mr. Strong

And took him by surprise.

Mr. S., as you may guess,
Was strictly up to date;
Knew the game and played the same
At early hours and late.

Strong is still in WAKEFULVILLE,
The merchant of the town;

He advertises and still surprises
Such chaps as Mr. Brown.

the ability with which the advertising is done.'

"When people begin to notice oranges being advertised, they will wonder, and then talk. In talking they will repeat what you make them read of the oranges. Get enough of their talking and this free advertising will sell all the good oranges that can be raised!"

The Enterprise is giving away money. See ad on page 6.

TIME IN TURKEY.

The Hours Are Always Changing and Holidays Are Numerous.

In addition to laziness in Turkey there is inaccuracy. The Turkish official is naturally inaccurate, and habit and conceit make him more so. This perhaps is due to the way in which Turkey measures time. Twelve o'clock in the day corresponds with sunset—that is to say, whatever hour the sun sets, it must always be 12. Consequently the hours change always, getting later the first half of the year and earlier in the last, which compels everybody to put his watch to daily torture. So no one in Turkey can tell himself that he has the exact time. The most strict of Englishmen soon loses his national punctuality, so when two Turks make an appointment it is within the limit of half an hour or an hour, and even then they don't generally arrive till after the time agreed on, each one calculating on the utmost possible delay on the part of the other.

Consequently the state employees are not bound down by very severe discipline. No one expects them to arrive at their office at any particular time, especially as the majority of them go hardly at all. As for the most industrious, they appear for two or three hours in the afternoon only, and rather late. In the morning state offices are usually closed. Besides this workdays are rather scarce for the race of officials. Friday is the Sabbath of the Mohammedans. Saturday is the day after a feast day, and one does not do much then. Sunday the Greeks and Armenians remain, like good Christians, at home, and the Mohammedans generally imitate so good an example. Monday is again the morrow of a feast day. Wednesday there is a meeting of the council of ministers, and few employees go then to the ministry. With religious festivals added in, it is easy to understand that out of the 365 days of the year there are not many left to consecrate to the interests of the Ottoman empire.—Nicholas C. Adossides in American Magazine.

Safe.

Hicks—You were dreadfully indiscreet to mention that important deal of ours to your wife. Wicks—Oh, it's all right! I didn't tell her it was a secret.—Boston Transcript.

Possibly the chap who growls about the wash day dinner would have found it more pleasing to his taste if he had done the washing.—Success.

ISHMAELS OF CEYLON.

The Rodigas, a Curious Tribe of Social Outcasts.

There is a curious tribe of people in Ceylon called the Rodigas, who live the life of social Ishmaels, despised and cast out by their fellows. Until quite recently they lived apart from the abodes of other men, in holes and caves. In no case may they lie down to rest with other men. They may not enter a temple or a court of justice and on all occasions are compelled to "stand afar off." So low down in the scale of humanity are they placed that they may not even speak with strangers except through the intermediary of a man of the lowest caste above their own. Of late years their status has been improved, and they are less servile in consequence, but even now they fall on their knees with uplifted hands to address people of the lowest recognized caste, and upon the approach of a traveler they shout to warn him to stop until they can get off the road and he can pass without risk of defilement from the proximity of their persons. It is curious and yet so characteristic of society in all countries and all levels that even among these people, who seem to have reached the very lowest rung of the human ladder, there are classes and social distinctions. Thus the ambeteyos, or barbers, and the hanomoreyos, or betal box makers, are looked upon with contempt by the despised, ostracized Rodigas, who go to the length of shutting up their dogs lest they should stray into the houses of the lowborn or gnaw a bone that they may throw at them.—Dundee Advertiser.

THE COCKET WRITERS.

What Happened When England Abolished Their Offices.

In the long room of the London custom house years ago were twelve officers styled "cocket writers." They wrote certificates that goods had been duly entered and the duties paid. They were also known as patent officers because appointed for life by letters patent from the crown. Their salaries were nominal, £60 a year, but they were permitted to remunerate themselves by extorting fees from the merchants—fees which in some cases amounted to a thousand pounds a year. In 1851 the treasury determined to abolish patent offices and called upon the twelve cocket writers to furnish a statement of their emoluments. The officers, ignorant of the treasury's purpose, imagined that the government intended to impose an income tax. Ten of the writers, therefore, returned a statement which understated their fees by several hundred pounds. The other two furnished an honest statement. In a few days ten clerks were surprised and disgusted and two clerks were astonished, but pleased. The treasury notified the cocket writers that their offices would be abolished and that they would be compensated by pensions rated according to the returns they had themselves furnished. There were gnashing of teeth and broad smiles in the long room. One of the two honest cocket writers enjoyed his pension for fifty-two years, during which time the treasury paid him £52,000.

Where Dollars Originated.

Joachimstahl, near Carlsbad, is historic as the birthplace of the original dollar. This was the silver gulden-groschen, coined in 1519 by order of Count Schlick from the metal of a recently opened mine, and it became known as the joachimsthaler, or "thaler" alone for short. Before 1600 the nimble English language had already made "dollar" of this. Therefore this name was loosely used of all manner of coins, varying in value from 75 cents to \$1.25 and belonging to all manner of countries, from Sweden to Japan. It was from the prevalence of the Spanish "dollar" in the British-American colonies at the time of their revolt that the modern "almighty dollar" was derived, while in modern English very recent slang has given the name to the crown piece.

What It Was.

She was visiting a Chinese restaurant for the first time and had ordered, among other things, an omelet. After sampling the succulent chop suey and the appetizing chow mein she turned her attention to what seemed a dish of pancakes. Puzzling over the combination of ham, onion and other ingredients, she suddenly exclaimed to her companion, "Why, there's egg in this!"

"Sure; it's the omelet," he replied.—New York Press.

Civilized Poverty.

Barbarism has no horrors so horrible as the bestial squalor and sheer misery of civilized poverty. Poverty is a great evil in any state, but the world has not known any poverty so foul, so brutal and so utterly loathsome as the poverty of the city slum, the sweating den, the pawnshop and the gin palace.—Clarion.

HIS LIFE FOR A HAND.

An English Legend of the Time of the Crusaders.

In a little town or village in Gloucestershire there is a church which contains the mortal remains of one of the old crusaders. In moldering effigy he is depicted on the tomb, while by his side in cold eloquence is imaged the form of his wife. It will be noticed by even the casual observer that the female image is bereft of one of the hands, and the story runs that the crusader while fighting in the east was made a prisoner of war and brought before Saladin, who, before executing judgment upon him, asked him if there was any reason why he should not be put to death. To this the knight replied that he was but young and would leave a newly wedded wife, who would bitterly mourn his loss.

"The love of woman is as a fleeting breath," retorted the sultan. "Your wife will forget that you have ever lived; she will love again and marry another." To this the sad knight could only reply that on her fidelity he could rest his soul. "Well, then," replied Saladin, "I will promise on my oath as a soldier that if this man's wife will cut off one of her hands and send it to me I will set him free to go to her." By tedious and slow journeys the message came, and she, in all piteousness for him who was her lover and her lord, caused her hand to be cut off and sent it to the sultan, who kept his word and set the crusader free.—London Notes and Queries.

RISE OF DIALECT.

Source of the Expressions "Stig 'Im!" and "Sick 'Em!"

When a boy in some parts of New England has occasion to set his dog upon any one or anything he exclaims, as a rule: "Stig 'im! Stig 'im!" The New York boy or the boy of the west generally says: "Sick 'em! Sick 'em!" To the western boy the command "Stig 'im!" sounds absurd; it provokes his laughter. But his own command is equally amusing to the New England boy.

This little difference illustrates the beginning of local dialect. Probably neither boy thinks of the exact meaning of what he says. He is merely repeating words he has heard others use, which he is sure, from their frequent repetition, that the dog will understand.

The boy who says "Sick 'em!" is repeating a corruption only one degree removed of the words "Seek 'him'" which are a very old command.

"Stig 'im!" is a corruption one degree further removed from its original than "Sick 'em!" It began with "Take him!" which was varied by the use of "so" before it—"So take him!" From this to "S" take him!" was an easy step, and the more easily pronounced "Stig 'im!" was the next corruption.—Boston Transcript.

In Doubt.

Walter—Tea or coffee, sir? Guest—Well, if that was tea you gave me yesterday, bring coffee; if it was coffee, bring me tea, and if it was a mixture of tea and coffee I think I'll try chocolate.—Pathfinder.

What has become of the old fashioned man who was satisfied with a "good living?"—Atchison Globe.

THE BLUE MOSQUE.

If Ever Color Calls, It Calls In the Mosque of Ibrahim Aga.

As every one who visits Rome goes to St. Peter's, so every one who visits Cairo goes to the mosque of Mohammed Ali in the citadel, a gorgeous building in a magnificent situation, the interior of which always makes me think of court functions and of the pomp of life rather than of prayer and self denial. More attractive to me is the "blue mosque," to which I returned again and again, enticed almost as by the fascination of the living blue of a summer sky.

This mosque, which is the mosque of Ibrahim Aga, but which is familiarly known to its lovers as the "blue mosque," lies to the left of a ramshackle street and from the outside does not look specially inviting. Even when I passed through its door and stood in the court beyond at first I felt not its charm. All looked old and rough, unkempt and in confusion. The red and white stripes of the walls and the arches of the arcade, the mean little place for ablution—a pipe and a row of brass taps—led the mind from a Neapolitan ice to a second rate school, and for a moment I thought of abruptly retiring and seeking more splendid precincts. And then I looked across the court to the arcade that lay beyond, and I saw the exquisite "love color" of the marvelous tiles that give this mosque its name.

The huge pillars of this arcade are striped and ugly, but between them shone with an ineffable luster a wall of purple and blue, of purple and blue so strong and yet so delicate that it held the eyes and drew the body forward. If ever color calls, it calls in the "blue mosque" of Ibrahim Aga. And when I had crossed the court, when I stood beside the pulpit, with its delicious wooden folding doors, and studied the tiles of which this wonderful wall is composed, I found them as lovely near as they are lovely far off. From a distance they resemble a nature effect, are almost like a bit of southern sea or of sky, a fragment of gleaming Mediterranean seen through the pillars of a loggia or of Sicilian blue watching over Etna in the long summer days.

When one is close to them they are a miracle of art. The background of them is a milky white upon which is an elaborate pattern of purple and blue, generally conventional and representative of no known object, but occasionally showing tall trees somewhat resembling cypresses. But it is impossible in words adequately to describe the effect of these tiles and of the tiles that line to the very roof of the tomb house on the right of the court. They are like a cry of ecstasy going up in this otherwise not very beautiful mosque. They make it unforgettable; they draw you back to it again and yet again. On the darkest day of winter they set something of summer there. In the saddest moment they proclaim the fact that there is joy in the world; that there was joy in the hearts of creative artists years upon years ago. If you are ever in Cairo and sink into depression, go to the "blue mosque" and see if it does not have upon you an uplifting moral effect.

And then, if you like, go on from it to the Gamia el Movayad, sometimes called El Ahmar (the red), where you will find greater glories, though no greater fascination, for the tiles hold their own among all the wonders of Cairo.—Robert Hichens in Century.

THE DARDANELLES.

Changes In the Name of the Famous Two Mile Strait.

The Dardanelles, which is so familiar today, meant to our grandfathers not the Hellespont, but merely "two ancient and strong castles of Turkey, one of which is in Roumania and the other in Natolla." The famous strait was known in early Victorian geography by the name of Gallipoli. But the brave, dominating castles swept away both Hellespont and Gallipoli and gave their own name to the two mile passage. Those venerable castles, built in 1659 to "secure the Turkish fleet from the insults of the Venetians," were known, according to an early geographer, as the Old Dardanelles to distinguish them from two others at the entrance of the strait, one of which "stands in like manner in Asia and the other in Europe" and called the New Dardanelles.

In spite of the four castles, however, the passage was forced by a British fleet in 1807. In later years fortifications of a formidable nature have been constructed between the two sets of castles, and these are now properly the Dardanelles. The ultimate responsibility for naming the famous strait rests with Dardanus, the gentleman who crossed his inflated skin from Samothrace to Asia and founded the town which afterward became the city of Troy.—London Chronicle.

An English Opinion.

"London is full of foreigners," writes a correspondent of the London Chronicle, "and you may detect them in many infallible ways. But nothing perhaps displays a man's nationality more surely than the way he eats. You may tell an Englishman, meet him where you may, by the fact that he grasps his fork firmly in his left hand and keeps it there instead of transferring it to his right hand as soon as his food is cut up. You can tell a Frenchman by his wise disregard of fish knives and salt spoons. As for Americans—well, it is amusing to read of Benjamin Franklin's visit to Paris in 1777 and of the horror of the ladies of the court when he fell upon asparagus with hands and teeth and of their corresponding disdain when he failed to treat a melon in the same way, but ate it delicately with a knife and fork. They also professed disgust at his love for an egg broken into a tumbler."

Siam's Weights and Measures.

In Siam the liquid measure used is derived from a coconut shell which is capable of holding 830 tamarind seeds, and twenty of these units equal the capacity of a wooden bucket. In dry measure 830 tamarind seeds make one "k'anahn," and twenty-five "k'anahn" make one "sat," or bamboo basket; eighty "sat" make one "kwien," or cart. This is an example of the primitive origin of most units of weight and measures.

THE ARAB'S HORSE.

How He Is Treated and Why He Excels at Long Journeys.

It is most interesting to note the way the Arab treats his faithful friend, the horse. So inured indeed is the Arab pony by long usage and descent to the manner of life in the desert that even my own pony positively improved on the treatment, and I never saw him so fit as when he came back from the trip.

If the Arab and his horse are by legend closely allied they are in point of fact even more intimately connected. His mount is his first thought and at all times by far the most interesting topic of conversation.

He is ungroomed, unclipped, unhalted, for the Arab prefers to shackle him by means of two ropes, a short cord connecting the fore and hind fetlocks and a long line tethering him above the hind fetlock to a peg in the ground. Thus he can move about or roll at leisure and should there be any rough herbage at hand can forage for it.

Perhaps one of the principal reasons why the Arab so excels at long journeys is that he never worries himself, nor does he ever distress his mount unless there is real cause to do so. He simply continues a steady walk all day and hardly ever gallops in the wild way in which one so often sees him depicted by artists.—London Field.

One Got a New Pair.

Sarcasticus and his wife were going to the theater.

"Will you please go in and get my goats off the dressing table?" said Mrs. S.

"Your goats?" queried the puzzled Sarcasticus. "What fangle have you women got now?"

"I'll show you!" snapped the wife, and she sailed away and soon returned, edging past on her gloves.

"Are those what you mean? Why, I call those kids."

"I used to," replied Mrs. Sarcasticus, "but they are getting so old I am ashamed to any longer."

He took the hint.—Pearson's Weekly.

The First Slow One.

He uttered a joyous cry.

"And I am really and truly the first man you ever kissed?"

"Yes, Clarence," the beautiful girl rejoined, her red lip curling slightly. "The others all took the initiative."—New York Press.

Unkind.

"My dear," exclaimed a young bride, "my husband writes so beautifully! You really ought to see some of his love letters!" "Yes, dear, I know," was the unkind retort. "I have a drawer full of them at home!"—Manchester Guardian.

There's nothing but that's bearable as long as a man can work.—Elliot.

AMBROSE McSWEENEY**REAL ESTATE AND FIRE INSURANCE**

CONVEYANCING NOTARY PUBLIC RENTING
Office, 310 Linden Avenue, South San Francisco, San Mateo Co.

Local Agent South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company
PECK'S LOTS—ON EASY TERMS—SAN BRUNO LOTS

CHRISTMAS

The holiday season has many prospective buyers; that is, buyers out prospecting for something that may meet their needs. They will pass and repass the windows to see if there is something that they want for a suitable present for father, brother or sweetheart. Here are some classy suggestions. These are the latest from the market:

PRETTY HANDKERCHIEFS AND CHRISTMAS SUSPENDERS—GALORE**CHRISTMAS**

is gleeful—a Fancy Shirt adds cheerfulness to your glee

One Dollar to One Dollar and a Half**THE WARMEST GIFT—**

A pair of Men's Half Hose—all sorts, with embroidery of contrasting colors.

A BEAUTIFUL SILK TIE**TWENTY-FIVE to FIFTY CTS.**

Nothing Finer for a

FIFTY CENTS**FIVE DOLLARS****CHRISTMAS PRESENT**

than a stylish Smoking Jacket.

A HOLIDAY SUIT

To make you happy

FIFTEEN to TWENTY DOLLARS

To top it off on

CHRISTMAS DAY

with an up-to-date classy Hat.

Two Dollars to Three and a Half

GO TO LANGENBACH'S

313-315 Grand Avenue
South San Francisco, San Mateo Co.

A NIGHT OF TORTURE

It Brought a Fortune to Its Half Strangled Victim.

AN INNOCENT MAN'S ORDEAL.

Twice Strung Up by Lynchers, He Confessed to Murder and Was Afterward Vindicated and Recovered \$25,000 From His Assailants.

Late in the fifties of the last century George W. King was the proprietor of a hotel in Oxford, twenty-six miles from Lafayette, Ind. In 1859 a stranger arrived at the hotel and gave his name as Dr. Rowe. He told King that he had no money and asked to be trusted for his board till he could get practice in the place, promising to pay him as promptly as possible. King consented to the arrangement, and Rowe soon became a favorite with the people on account of his companionable disposition and superior intelligence. The doctor, however, fell deeper and deeper in debt. He had been at the hotel for nearly a year when King reminded him one morning that he had not paid anything on his board bill for three months. The conversation, it afterward appeared, was overheard by some one in the hotel, though nothing was thought of it at the time.

A week after the conversation Rowe was called out late at night to see a patient and failed to return. Days passed without any word from him, and his disappearance soon was connected with the conversation that had passed between him and the landlord about the unpaid board. One night three months later a party of disguised men entered the hotel and, overpowering King, took him to a woodland adjoining the town.

He recognized the voices of several of his captors and especially of the leader, who told him that he was suspected of murdering Rowe and demanded that he confess. King stoutly maintained his innocence, and the leader of the mob ordered his companions "to string him up." A rope was placed around his neck, a dozen men pulled down a stout limb, over which the other end of the rope was thrown, and when the limb was released it carried King off his feet and left him hanging by the neck. He was nearly unconscious when let down and again ordered to confess.

After much delay he was restored sufficiently to understand what was said to him, and he again refused, declaring his innocence and saying he did not know what had become of Rowe. A second time he was strung up and a second time let down, but life was nearly extinct, and he was much longer in being restored than before.

The luckless landlord knew he could not pass through another such ordeal and live, so he consented to confess. He purposely lengthened the confession in order to gain time and said that he and two men, named Rogers and Haggard, had poisoned some whisky and induced Rowe to drink it, and after his death they had buried him in a hollow some distance away. It was nearly daylight when the confession was made, and the lynchers determined to take King to jail in Lafayette and then arrest Rogers and Haggard.

Before the jail was reached day had dawned, and King recognized his captors as members of the Horse Thief Detective company of Benton, Warren and Tippecanoe counties, nearly all of whom were known to him. Confident of his guilt, the men made no attempt to conceal their identity. So great was the excitement and so intense the feeling against King that he waived examination and went to jail, hoping that something would turn up to establish his innocence.

From the jail at Lafayette King addressed letters to editors of papers in Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville and other cities, setting out the circumstances of his confinement and asking them to keep his letter in the papers in hopes that it might fall under Rowe's notice. The appeal was a pathetic one and was copied into many papers throughout the north-west.

Two weeks after its first appearance Dr. Rowe rode into Oxford and, attended by a number of citizens, proceeded to Lafayette, where his appearance caused the immediate release of the accused landlord. In explanation of his disappearance Rowe said he had left his home in the east on account of domestic troubles, that he had learned that his wife was on her way to Oxford, and he had determined to leave the place secretly in order to prevent her from learning where he had gone. He had gone to a little town in southern Illinois, and it was there that he learned that the

man who had befriended him was suspected of his murder and was in jail in Lafayette.

As soon as King was released he brought suit against thirty-two members of the Horse Thief Detective company for \$5,000 each and also against the company as a corporation. Thomas A. Hendricks, afterward vice president, was his counsel, but the case was not allowed to come to trial, the lynchers compromising by paying King \$25,000. With this money he purchased a farm and other property near Lafayette, where he lived till his death at the age of seventy-eight years.

MIXED THE SIGNS.

Sarasate and the Sandwich Men in Edinburgh.

To advertise Sarasate's performances in Edinburgh eight sandwich men were sent out, each of whom bore in front and behind him one letter of the great musician's name. They started all right, but after a time removed the boards from their shoulders to have a rest.

On resuming their labors each man shouldered the board nearest him and fell in behind the man who had formerly marched before him.

When the leader, who bore the initial "S," turned around to see if his men were ready, what he saw was "Starasea." He knew enough to realize that something was wrong, but how to right it was more than he could tell.

After changing a man here and there he got it "Starasea." But still it didn't seem correct.

By this time the poor fellow was in a terrible state. If any of their employers' people were on the outlook and could see them, their day's wage would be stopped! He tried again and yet again, but it was no use.

And a moment later a man bearing the letter "S" before and behind was seen running toward the music hall to copy down the name from one of the posters there. And along the right side of Princeton street there walked toward the appointed rendezvous at the Mound three men who bore the strange device "A A E," while opposite them there paced along the left side gutter four others, who, if to advertise means to attract attention, succeeded well, for every one who passed looked around in wondering amazement as to what "Rats" meant.—Edinburgh Dispatch.

A Paying Weakness.

For many years a certain old fellow had been engaged by a farmer to gather his potatoes at a fixed sum per acre. He died, however, and the farmer was obliged to get another man. A day or two later the farmer strolled around to see how the new man was progressing. To his surprise, at one end of the field he found a large heap of stones.

"Here, wot's this mean?" he demanded.

"Well, sir," responded the man in charge of the operation, "we thought we'd save ye a bit of trouble next seedtime, so whenever we finds a stone in the tatties we just dumps it down there."

"Ah," remarked the farmer sadly, "I shall never find another man like Sam, the old one."

"Oh," replied the other, rather nettled, "why, old Sam was rather blind an' didn't know a stone when he seen one."

"Mebbe he didn't, and mebbe he did," sighed the farmer, "but he worn't so particular about keepin' em out of the tatties. They weighs." — London Answers.

Too Much For the Ferret.

An old buck rabbit is not to be lightly tackled by weasel, stoat or even ferret. On the sanded floor of a small public house a ferret of long experience was matched with an old lop eared buck, the property of the landlord. The ferret made straight for the rabbit's throat, but the latter was in the air before master ferret could reach him and, leaping clean over the ferret's head, let out with those powerful hind legs of his a kick which hurled the ferret bodily against the wainscot. Twice the ferret returned to the attack, and twice he missed his grip and went hurtling through the air. The third repulse was enough for him. He knew he was beaten and could not be persuaded to stand up for a fourth round.—Pearson's Weekly.

Brilliant Fish Hues.

Like birds, many fishes assume their brightest hue when they wish to attract the opposite sex of their species. The colors of the male common pike become exceedingly intense, brilliant and iridescent in the breeding season. The eel also puts on an intense silvery hue at the breeding time which is very noticeable and at one time caused naturalists to distinguish it as a distinct species. The males of the tench, roach and perch also show a marked increase in brilliancy in the breeding season.

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PAINTERS' BLUNDERS

Reckless Pranks Played With Heavenly Bodies.

IMPOSSIBILITIES IN NATURE.

A Rainbow Depicted Wrong Side Out and Moons In Positions and Forms That Could Not Occur—Amusing Anachronisms by Old Time Artists.

That artists, like authors, should commit many errors of fact is hardly a cause for wonder. Rather, it is astonishing that they are not found oftener at fault in view of the great variety of knowledge required in their work. Despite this, however, there is no manner of excuse for certain absurdities.

For example, there is the case of an English painter who depicted an elaborate rainbow. Unfortunately he painted it wrong side out. But we forgot amazement at such stupidity in admiration for the artist's magnificent audacity when we learn that he charged £20 additional for repainting the rainbow colored in accordance with nature's arrangement.

Painters are very prone to distress the astronomers by their reckless pranks with the heavenly bodies, particularly with the moon. One artist presented a scene in which was a crescent moon low in the eastern sky directly opposite a setting sun. Moreover, this genius disdained the criticisms of the learned. He insisted that this arrangement was necessary for the composition, inasmuch as the rest of the picture would be destroyed by a full moon—the only one possible in such a situation.

Other artists have trifled with the moon by turning its convexity away from the sun, which is, of course, impossible in nature. In one picture the moon was placed near the constellation of the Great Bear, though as a matter of fact the satellite never ventures into this part of the heavens. There are, too, oft recurring errors made in the bulk of the orb. An American astronomer amused himself by measuring the moons in a number of paintings. He established the fact that by reckoning from the satellite's size the average height of the hills in these landscapes was forty-three miles. One of the mountains, indeed, had the stupendous altitude of a hundred miles.

Artists of old time were often outrageously wrong, sometimes necessarily by reason of the limitations imposed by the ignorance of the period. A Dutch artist painted the garden of Eden with well clipped borders and yew trees trimmed into fantastic shapes. He wrought in all innocence, for of such sort were the only gardens of his experience. But the excuse does not apply to a Dutch painting of 1794. This showed Abraham about to slaughter Isaac by means of a blunderbuss—the product of an age 3,000 years after the time of the patriarchs!

Yet this mistake occurs again and again. There have been elaborate paintings of the children of Israel crossing the Red sea with muskets on their shoulders. A beautiful ivory tankard, an Augsburg carving of the early seventeenth century, was sold for a high price in London not long ago. The design, which is exquisite in workmanship, shows the good Samaritan, with his attendants, in the Jericho road. One of the servants carries a gun!

Many a child as well as some older persons has puzzled over that "beam" in the eye of which the New Testament speaks. It is not always understood that this means a beam of light. But it was left to Solomon Bernard, in his woodcuts illustrating the Bible, published at Lyons in 1553, to picture this beam as one of wood, rectangular in section and several feet in length!

The matter of costumes offers vast opportunity for flaws, which the painters have not failed to seize. In the national gallery at Edinburgh Pharaoh's daughter and her accompanying women are exhibited garbed in the long waisted bodices and hooped skirts of Europe in the sixteenth century. The national collection in London has a picture of Joseph and his kindred in Egypt, where the buildings shown are not at all Egyptian in their style of architecture, but distinctly Italian. In the same gallery Paolo Veronese's "The Family of Darius at the Feet of Alexander After the Battle of Issus" displays the women of the group in the pointed waists and inflated skirts that made the familiar dress of Venetian women in the painter's time.

Errors that have to do with armor may be more readily pardoned, though the artists fail lamentably in knowledge as to the earlier forms of metal protection. Thus in some paintings showing the time of Christ the warriors are seen clad in beautifully damascened mail, yet this form of armor

did not come into actual use until half a thousand years later.

Similarly, in other pictures of Christ's time, monks are portrayed in their robes, with tonsures. In fact, however, they did not exist in the church prior to the fourth century A. D.

A curious illustration of the limitations set on genius by circumstance is exhibited in one of the world's most famous paintings, "The Last Supper." Leonardo da Vinci simply did not know that the table, the cloth, the plates, the knives and forks and salt cellars were impossibilities in the scene he designed to portray. The eastern people of that age who were his subjects used no table, no chairs, no forks, but squatted about a common dish and ate from it with their fingers. —Pittsburg Post.

MOHAMMED.

His Vision of Heaven and the Story of the Mountain.

Halabi, the founder of Islam, was born at Mecca in the year A. D. 570. He died June 8, 632, at the age of seventy-two. He assumed the titular name of Mohammed, which means, according to some authorities, the "predicted Messiah."

One of the most extravagant relations which can be found in any language is credited to Mohammed. Speaking of the sights he beheld when "transported to heaven," he says: "I saw there an angel, the most gigantic of all created things. It had 70,000 heads, each head had 70,000 faces, each face had 70,000 mouths, each mouth had 70,000 tongues and each tongue spoke 70,000 languages. All were employed in singing God's praises."

When Mohammed first announced his divinely inspired and appointed system the Arabs demanded supernatural proofs of his commission. "Moses and Jesus," said the Arabs, "wrought miracles in the testimony of their divine authority. And if thou art indeed a prophet of God do so likewise."

"It would be tempting God to do so," replied Mohammed, "and bring down his anger, as in the case of Pharaoh."

As the story is told in Brewer's "Phrase and Fable," the Arabs were not satisfied with this answer, and Mohammed then commanded one of the numerous eminences near Mecca to come to him. The mountain not stirring at Mohammed's bidding, the prophet exclaimed: "God is merciful! Had the mountain obeyed my words it would have fallen on us to our destruction.

"I will therefore go to the mountain."

JELLYFISH.

In Tropical Waters This Queer Creature Is at Its Best.

Few marine animals seem at first glance to betray less intelligence than the jellyfish. Up with the tide and down with the tide, carried along by this or that current, moving with the eddy of a backwater hither and thither, the jellyfish has become almost a synonym for helplessness. Scientifically, of course, the popular idea of the jellyfish is wholly mistaken, but it is perhaps only in tropical waters that it is found in the perfection of intelligence. In the south Pacific round the islands of Polynesia and as far south as the upper portion of the North Island of New Zealand there is a jellyfish that not only knows where it wants to go, but is even provided with a sail which it can and does hoist or lower at will. The sail, like the rest of this curious animal, is almost transparent; but, unlike the body of the fish, which is of the usual gelatinous construction, the sail is a membrane almost as hard as shell. Round about the Ellice group the navigating fish is often found with a sail measuring five inches across, and it navigates the shallow island waters with the skill of a pilot, steering in and out of snaggy places and avoiding obstructions both above and below the surface with unerring skill. Like its cousins in home waters, this navigating jellyfish has the power of stinging its natural enemies, and its sting is fatal to other fish and dangerous to man.—London Standard.

Why She Was Absent.

A teacher in one of the girls' schools on the lower east side recently had the following excuse for absence handed her by one of her pupils:

Dear Miss—it gives me much pleasure to write to you, because I have a worryment, and you should please excuse my Annie, who does not come by you because she has to go to the hospital with her sister's sore eyes.

—New York Times.

The Accommodating Patron.

"Shall I send this or will you take it?" asks the affable drug clerk after filling the prescription.

"You may send it and then I will take it," suggests the accommodating patron.—Chicago Post.

Fellows who have no tongues are often all eyes and ears.—Haliburton.

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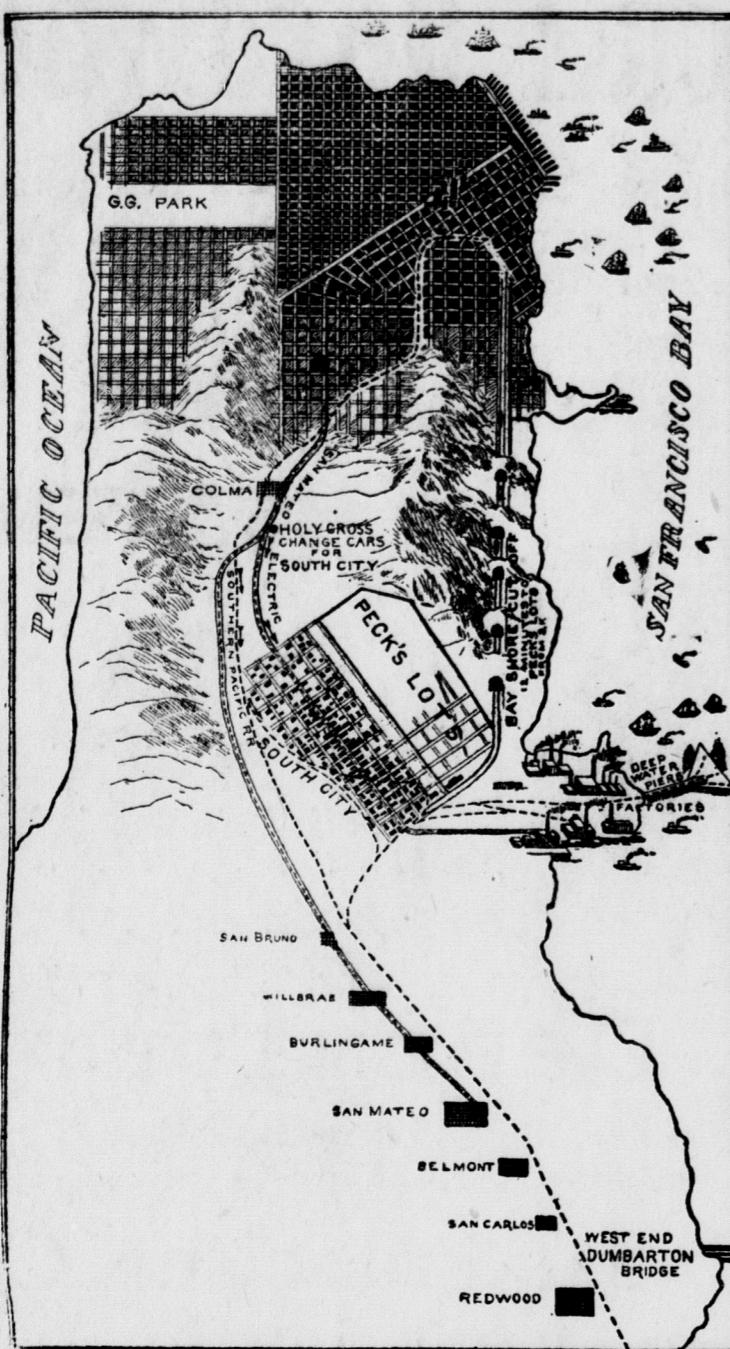
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Then affirm All Good:
To your own Self be true,
And declare All Good!

J it helps to smooth the way
To think All Good.
It brightens all the day
To say All Good!

L ike a rainbow in the sky
Is All Good;
You'll know the reason why
When you say All Good!

T here's a law that governs all
in the All Good.
For the creatures great and small
Of the All Good.

T he fruit is as the tree,
So say All Good;
Do the duty that is nearest thee,
It brings All Good.

T o the Promises then trust
to send All Good,
For, in ruling Self and being just,
We'll find All Good!

—Janet Young.

COURT HOUSE CONTRACTORS WANT MORE MONEY

The Supervisors did not have much business to transact last Monday at their mid-month session.

A communication was received from Rainey & Phillips, the Court House contractors, calling attention to the fact that serious discrepancy had been discovered in the detail plans and those that were used by them in arriving at the figures for which they agreed to do the work.

The plans upon which they based their estimates called for eighteen tiers of stone, wherea the details plans call for nineteen. The contractors say the extra cost will be \$1204, and they want the board to agree to give that additional amount to them.

Architect Allen admitted the error, but said the work could proceed according to the plans on which the contractors figured. They would have to cut eighteen inches from the windows in the second story, however.

Supervisor MacBain said he did not want to take any action on the contractors' request for an increased price because of this discrepancy, and favored allowing it to go over to be disposed of by the incoming board next month.

The matter will be taken up again next Monday.

In another communication Rainey & Phillips stated they wanted the \$538 due them for placing name tablets in the Court House.

Supervisor MacBain said he would gladly pay \$35 for taking his name off.

This matter also went over until next Monday.

A. Roussel of Belmont has a contract to build a bridge for the county near Pescadero. He found he had to use twenty fourteen-foot piles in addition to those called for by the specifications to secure a good foundation. He wants \$10 each for the extra piles thus used. Action on the request was postponed until next Monday.

John Hedlund, who was employed on the Court House a year ago, and who was killed by unknown parties at that time, had \$30.25 coming to him from the county. He left no relatives, so far as is known. District Attorney Bullock was requested to advise the Board as to what disposition should be made of the money.

A petition was received from a number of citizens of Miramer, on the coast side, asking for the formation of a new school district.

Los Lomitas school district was enlarged by being allowed to take a slice off the Menlo Park district adjoining.

The board adjourned until next Monday, when an effort will be made to finish the business on hand. Messrs. Eikerenkotter, MacBain and Debenedetti will then have finished their respective terms as supervisors.

The newly elected members will assume their seats at noon on January 4th.

COUNTY HAPPENINGS.

The building of a new Congregational church in San Mateo is contemplated.

Sheriff Bob Chatham, who has been very ill, is reported to be improving in health rapidly.

The city officials of Burlingame have moved into new quarters recently rented by the town on the ground floor of the Husing Building. The offices have been fitted up and will meet the needs of the town for the present for headquarters of city officials and for meetings of the Board of Trustees.

Superior Judge Buck of this county has completed his work as Judge of Department No. 4, Superior Court of San Francisco. He has been relieved by Judge Murphy of Mono County, who usually spends the winter months in San Francisco.

The injunction suit brought by Geo. Lowens of Colma against the Board of Supervisors to show cause why it should not be enjoined from appointing additional Justices and Constables in the First, Second and Third Townships came up in the Superior Court on December 17th. Further hearing was continued to December 31st. The Supervisors were not present.

ENTERTAINMENT BY ST. PAULS SUNDAY SCHOOL

The children of St. Pauls Methodist Sunday School gave a very interesting program on last Wednesday evening in the church. The auditorium had been very tastily decorated, including a Christmas tree, to the great joy of the children. The program had been arranged by the Superintendent, Mrs. N. A. Kizer, who was assisted by several ladies of the church. Each number was liberally applauded.

After the program a message was received from Santa Claus stating he was on the way, and amid hand clapping and cheers arrived. Every member of the Sunday School was remembered by Santa, including a box of candy for each.

The superintendent desires to thank all who donated and assisted in making the evening an interesting one in the memory of the children.

The program follows: Processional; Scripture and Prayer by Rev. Edwin D. Kizer; Recitation, "Welcome Everybody," class of girls; Song, "Low in a Manger," by Velma Pike; Recitation, "A Merry Christmas," by Marion Edwards; Song by Alec James; Recitation, "The Christ Child," by six of the primary class; Song, "The Christ Child," Irene Veit; Song by School; Recitation, a. "That's Just Me," by Alma Stahl. b. "Do They Hang Them Up," by Alec James; Song, "All Hail," by four boys; Song by School; Song and drill, class of girls; Recitation by Velma Pike; Song, "Redemption, the Same Old Story," by Corabelle Veit; Song, "Sing to the Lord"; Song and Recitation by four girls; Solo and Chorus by Herbert Woodman and school.

After the program, during the distribution of presents, music was rendered by a stringed orchestra.

Do a little side work for The Enterprise, and earn some easy money.
See ad on page 6.

AGRICULTURE SCHOOL AT UNIVERSITY FARM

Arthur Merrill Cleghorn has just been appointed instructor in English and Mathematics for the School of Agriculture on the University Farm at Davis. Mr. Cleghorn is the first of the special faculty of the Agricultural High School to be appointed. Mr. Cleghorn is a native of South Dakota and secured his high school training in Northfield, Minnesota. He attended Carleton College in the same place for one year. In 1900 he entered Pomona College and was graduated with the A. B. degree in 1903. During the following year he taught private school on Catalina Island. During 1904-5 he held the Hilgard Memorial

Scholarship at the University of California and was reader in the Greek Department under Professor Clapp. From that time to October, 1907, he has been variously engaged as instructor in St. Matthew's School at Burlingame; with the G. and C. Merriam Co. in San Francisco and with the Sierra Educational News. For more than a year he has been engaged in the office of the State Superintendent of Public Instructor and comes to the University most highly recommended by State Superintendent Hyatt. He will enter upon his new duties at Davis the first of January.

A great deal of interest is being taken in the opening of the School of Agriculture and a good attendance is anticipated. Superintendent Anderson will gladly give all information regarding the opening of the school and its purposes. Address Davis, California.

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